

The history

*Ther:* Roguery. *Dio:* Nay then:  
*Cres:* Ile tell you what.  
*Dio:* Fo, fo, come tell a pin you are forsworne.  
*Cres:* In faith I cannot, what would you haue me do?  
*Ther:* A iugling trick to be secretly open,  
*Dio:* What did you sweare you would bestow on me?  
*Cres:* I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,  
 Bid me do any thing but that sweete Greeke.  
*Dio:* Good night.  
*Troy:* Hold patience.  
*Vlis:* How now Trojan. *Cres:* Diomed.  
*Dio:* No, no, good night Ile be your foole no more.  
*Troy:* Thy better must.  
*Cres:* Harke a word in your eare.  
*Troy:* O plague and madnesse!  
*Vlis:* You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray  
 Least your displeasure should inlarge it selfe  
 To wrathfull tearmes, this place is dangerous,  
 The time right deadly, I beseech you goe.  
*Troy:* Behold I pray you.  
*Vlis:* Now good my Lord go off.  
 You slow to great distruction, come my Lord.  
*Troy:* I prethee stay.  
*Vlis:* You haue not patience, come.  
*Troy:* I pray you stay; by hell, and all hells torments,  
 I will not speake a word.  
*Dio:* And so good night.  
*Cres:* Nay but you part in anger.  
*Troy:* Doth that grieue thee, O withered truth.  
*Vlis:* How now my Lord?  
*Troy:* By Ioue I will be patient.  
*Cres:* Gardian? why Greeke? *Dio:* Fo fo you palter.  
*Cres:* In faith I doe not, come hether once againe.  
*Vlis:* You shake my Lord at something, wilt you goe: you  
 will break out.  
*Troy:* She stroakes his cheeke. *Vlis:* Come, come.  
*Troy:* Nay stay, by Ioue I will not speake a word;  
 There is betweene my will and all offences

a guard

of Troilus and Cressida

A guard of patience, stay a little while  
*Ther:* How the diuell *Luxury*  
 eate finger, tickles together; frye l  
*Dio:* Will you then?  
*Cres:* In faith I will lo, neuer tr  
*Dio:* Giue me some token for t  
*Cres:* Ile fetch you one.  
*Vlis:* You haue sworne patience  
*Troy:* Feare me not my Lord.  
 I will not be my selfe, nor haue cog  
 Of what I feele, I am all patience:  
*Ther:* Now the pledge, now, no  
*Cres:* Heere *Diomed* keepe this  
*Troy:* O beauty where is thy fa  
*Vlis:* My Lord.  
*Troy:* You looke vpon that slee  
 Hee loued me (oh false wench) gi  
*Dio:* Whose wait?  
*Cres:* It is no matter now I ha  
 I will not meete with you to mor  
 I prethee *Diomed* visite me no m  
*Ther:* Now shee sharpenes, wel  
*Dio:* I shall haue it.  
*Cres:* What this?  
*Cres:* O all you gods; O prett  
 Thy maister now lyes thinking o  
 Of thee and mee, and sighes, and  
 And giues memoriall dainty kisse  
*Dio:* Nay do not snatch it from  
*Cres:* He that takes that doth  
*Dio:* I had your heart before,  
*Troy:* I did sweare patience.  
 You shall not haue it *Diomed*,  
 Ile giue you something else.  
*Dio:* I will haue this, whose wa  
*Cres:* It is no matter.  
*Dio:* Come tell me whose it w  
*Cres:* I was on's that lou'd me

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